

The World.

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THE UNWELCOME "MASSES."

OUR COLONY of splendid idlers at Newport is perturbed because the "masses" are coming this year in greater numbers to the nearby beaches. The summer aristocrats have taken steps to stop the running of excursion boats and to block any attempt to bring people to the neighborhood of their select haunts.

The arrival of the "masses" has a queer effect upon resorts of the idle rich. Gambling, for example, never seems to thrive where the "masses" go to enjoy the scenery. It is only coincidence that more gambling places are closed this season in Newport than ever before.

Nor is Newport the only haunt of fashion that has suffered from the "masses." For years, as everybody knows, Monte Carlo was a favorite retiring spot for the idle and the frivolous of the earth. Of late seasons cheaper fares and growing habits of travel have brought to the Riviera thousands of visitors who come to enjoy the sunshine and scenery of one of the most beautiful coasts on earth. Roulette, champagne and facile flirtation do not attract these people. They are the "masses."

What is the result? Last winter Monte Carlo experienced what old-timers called "the desdest season ever." Yet thousands were coming and going every week, getting health and pleasure from the sea and the mountains, the soft air and the wonderful roses. But the wheels and counters in the great gambling rooms which used to whirl and click amid blazing lights and glittering crowds until the small hours of the morning were running at low speed. The managers were glad to close the huge place before midnight. All day the gardens and promenades were crowded. But after dark the all-night restaurants and clubs were almost empty.

The "masses" have "spoiled" Monte Carlo. The same thing is happening at other so-called exclusive resorts. Idle society picks out some beautiful and retired corner where it can enjoy its extravagancies, frivolities and scandals in choice seclusion. When the "masses" arrive it has to betake itself and its vices to some newer and more inaccessible place.

No wonder there is consternation at Newport.

THE GYPSY LIFE.

MR. BRYAN is to leave the musty offices of the State Department for a six-weeks' talkfest among the Chataquans. We thought he would not like his job when he took it. There is no place for the exercise of the voice in diplomacy. The masked whisper puts too much pressure on the lustrous lungs of the Commoner. Besides, he has acquired the habit of roving and loves to wander far. The gypsy has no longing for a steam-heated flat. Mr. Bryan has thrilled the throng too long to be able successfully to suppress himself.

SOMETHING FOR ALL TASTES.

BURIED MILLIONS will never cease to beckon as long as pirates are remembered or rainbows have ends, and plenty more good coin will be buried in the search for them. The story of the New York expedition that set out to find the famous Cocos Island treasure of \$60,000,000, which Skipper James Brown claimed to have seen and handled, will be told at length in The Sunday World Magazine to-morrow in the words of the eighty-year-old captain himself.

Among other features in the same issue the centuries old strata of granite, granite and marble that lie under the island of Manhattan are graphically described from a geological standpoint; Gus Roeder tells how British magistrates handle the everyday business of a London police court; the art of selling goods on the road is discussed by an ex-president of a well-known salesmen's association; a Roman journalist explains how the King of Italy brought grave trouble into his own family circle by taking sides against the King of Montenegro; famous tricks that have mystified this generation are fully "given away" by the treasurer of the Society of American Magicians; the daughter of the American Minister to Persia describes the Shah and the peculiar etiquette of royal tennis in the land of the bulb, and "The Sable Lorch," Horace Hazleton's tale of mystery, winds deeper into the shadows.

July 12, 1804, Alexander Hamilton died in New York from a bullet wound received the day before in a duel with Aaron Burr at Weehawken.

The Day's Good Stories

The Instinct.

PROBABLY the late J. P. Morgan's first attempt at finance took place in Berlin. The school teacher gave him money to buy a book. Morgan was gone a long time. When he returned he handed the teacher the money and some change.

Green First.

A tallish man who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various things was clearly stated.

Helping the Bride.

WHEN Mrs. Blank, who had always lived near the coast, was married she went to live in a small hamlet town.

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family.

by Roy L. Cordell.

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"WASNT that Gladys Terwilliger?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It was dark on the stairs, but I said 'Good evening' when she spoke to me."

"Oh, yes, that was Gladys," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And Madge Dinglebender called me on the telephone. And, if they hear of it, I shouldn't wonder if I got a letter from Viola Cackelberry and her sister Irene hinting for a visit."

"Hear what? What's in the air that all these young ladies should vivify such interest in us?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, because I was successful with Clara Mudridge when I introduced her to old man Smith," said Mrs. Jarr, wearily. "Well, much thanks I got and I'll never put myself out again."

"I don't see how you were successful," ventured Mr. Jarr. "It was Clara Mudridge who married him, and then took a hyphen with her husband."

"And she's never known a happy day, she says," Mrs. Jarr went on; "but that doesn't keep those other girls from regarding me as lucky."

"Lucky, how?" Mr. Jarr inquired.

"Lucky in getting those husbands, of course," explained Mrs. Jarr. "Girls are so hard to please these days and want

so much that eligible young men are getting scarce and scarce. Yet, although one can't expect any social position in marrying into such a profession—although I cannot see why it doesn't give the same standing that marrying a physician does, because they work to-gether, don't they?—and yet do you ever notice they never pretend to know each other at funerals?"

"What ARE you talking about?" asked Mr. Jarr in an exasperated tone.

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Don't bite my head off, please. I was just telling you that first they want social position with money, and then when they get over twenty-four they'll take the money, and when they reach twenty-eight they will be content with a good provider and give up these dreams."

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Mrs. Jarr Discovers the Secret of Her Own Wondrous Popularity

of Riverside Drive apartments, town cars and trips to Europe.

"So, as I was saying, although there is no special social position, still, they do make a good living. For while one can do without luxuries, we all must die."

Mr. Jarr groaned and clutched his hair. He would have torn some out in his exasperation, but his hands were not grasping so much of it these days, and he resolved to let nature take its course in the head-denuding process. So, restraining his annoyance, he asked Mrs. Jarr with forced calmness please to cease her ravings or else explain.

"What, goodness me! Can't you see that it is known that I know him? Or why would Gladys Terwilliger be calling to see me, and why should Madge Dinglebender keep me half an hour on the telephone asking me if I were angry at her and why I never came to see her any more? And, just as I say, if Viola Cackelberry and Irene Cackelberry hear I know him they'll pop right over from Philadelphia. For, as you know, his uncle is very wealthy."

"Whose uncle? Who is it you are guardian of now? What's the mysterious person the susceptible Miss Terwilliger calls on you about, and the gushing Miss Dinglebender 'phones you?"

"Why, Mr. Berry's cousin, who will be in charge of the branch undertaking establishment Mr. Berry has opened in the neighborhood," said Mrs. Jarr. "If you only would have listened and not interrupted you would have understood."

"Ah, we are to have a marriageable young undertaker in our midst?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, certainly. I happened to drop just a word to Gladys Terwilliger's mother, and Madge Dinglebender's married sister happened to be present. It was in Muller's grocery store this morning. They were discussing the new undertaking establishment, and I happened to say that Mr. Berry, of Brooklyn, knew our family and that his nephew, so Mr. Berry told my mother in Brooklyn, would be in charge of it, and Mr. Berry said he knew the young man would make good."

"And that's why all those girls have been so attentive to me of late. They expect me to make them acquainted with the young man."

"They will endeavor to make good, too," suggested Mr. Jarr. "The race is on. Let the best man lose!"

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Little Studies of Great Men

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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(Including Solomon, Bluebeard, Henry VIII., Nat Goodwin, Mark Antony, Socrates, Job, &c.)

5.—MARK ANTONY.

MARK ANTONY was the originator of the "affinity fad." Nothing he

ever did, in all his brilliant and kaleidoscopic career, has made such a lasting impression on the world in general—and on men in particular—as his devotion to Mrs. Antony for the red-haired siren of the Nile.

There are a great many modern men who might justly claim to be the reincarnation of Mark Antony; but, strange to say, not one has ever made that boast. On the other hand, not a single green-eyed, red-headed woman has

not who did not look at him significantly and announce that she "BELIEVED in reincarnation."

The number of women who are "reincarnations of Cleopatra" is innumerable. It is awfully easy to believe in reincarnation. If you can persuade yourself that you were once a siren. In consoling you for a lot of things which don't happen, in these days of fortified masculine hearts and insulated emotions, Antony and Cleopatra have been crowned with a halo of romance, and glorified with more beautiful illusions than they ever deserved. Cleopatra's quick conquest, and Antony's hasty surrender, were the simplest and most inevitable things in the world. "A half-inch difference at the end of Cleopatra's nose" would not have altered the case a single iota. Was not Antony a married man, and therefore susceptible? And could he be expected to resist a red-headed widow?

For is not making a widow of a red-haired woman, as wit has said, carrying coals to Newcastle; and making a queen of a red-headed widow carrying money to Vincent Astor? Moreover, Antony found her a distinct NOVELTY. She dissolved pearls in wine, wore a sheath skirt, and fed her guests on nightingales' tongues, thus making herself very attractive and therefore "worth while." The only way for Antony to escape falling in love with such a woman would be to shut his eyes and run.

On the other hand, falling in love had become a habit with Cleopatra by the time she met Antony; she was ALWAYS in love with whomever happened to be in power. And Mark Antony was not only powerful, but he had good shoulders, nice blond hair and an awfully persuasive gift of gab. If Antony had been a modern bachelor, there might have been some real glory in Cleopatra's feat of catching and holding him. But the conquest of a married man on his summer vacation in Egypt—Pough!

Antony was quite like other men—only a little more so. He started out to play, of course—and remained to PAY. Cleopatra fed him on peacocks' hearts and nightingales' tongues. She made him comfortable. Above all, she AMUSED him. She got up large parties, moonlight sails, feasts, pageants and cabaret shows. From a novelty she became a comfort, and finally a habit. She was his little sofa-pillow-something soothing-syrup-player-piano-and-mess-ticket. And a man who is fed AND amused by a woman cannot be dragged away from her by wild horses.

Cleopatra was never jealous of Octavia. WHO would be jealous of a woman who is only a man's wife? She never nagged; she never had to bother about putting the hooks and eyes on Antony's torso; she never saw him during his before-breakfast grouches; she never made any CLAIMS. He owed her nothing, and therefore did not regard her in the light of a creditor, or a bill-collector. Octavia had been all that to him. It is to be wondered at that Antony remained in Egypt for seven long years?

But, Antony was a MAN; and even he began to long to go back to Rome, and look up "the boys." Or perhaps he grew curious to see what Octavia was doing. Who knows? At any rate he told Cleopatra that "he had business down town," and sailed away one fine moonlight night "for the wars." In every love-affair there comes a time when they want to "fall away," and the only secret of holding them, Dearie, is to let them go.

Pack up their little grips and hand them their little hats with a cheerful smile. Sooner or later, their out-lie nature will send them purring back to the place where they have been made most COMFORTABLE. In three years, Antony was back again, and begging to be put on a short leash.

Then it was that his brother-in-law Octavius got really angry. A man can always forgive another man for trifling with a pretty woman, but not for STEALING her. Let him FALL in love as often as he likes; but to STAY in love—that is too much for masculine comprehension. Octavius came over immediately to break up the little flirtation. Antony, perceiving that he had gotten himself into an awful scrape, calmly committed suicide, leaving Cleopatra to extricate herself as best she could. The latter promptly donned her widow's weeds and went forward to conquer Octavius.

But, alas, the cook who had helped her conquer Antony now called her deacon. CLEOPATRA HAD GROWN FAT, with wine and feasting. Octavius took one glance at her and shrugged his shoulders. Her handiwork spoiled off of him like water off a mackintosh. "Fair, fat and thirty-nine" did not appeal to him; and in mortification, Cleopatra did what any vain woman would have done. She, too, sent for the royal sap and put an end to her troubles.

If she had lived in these days she would have merely changed her beauty-doctor, taken up a new diet, bought a bath powder and a straight-front corset, and waited until she was twenty-nine, at least before giving up the ghost. But in those times, it was thought better to die than to diet.

Thus ended the greatest scandal and the most notorious case of "affinity fad" that the world has ever known. Slitted down to the bottom, it was more or less a matter of cuisine; and there are times when I fancy it might be a greater glory to be a reincarnation of Cleopatra's cook than of that lady herself. For undoubtedly it was the cook who held Antony spellbound for all those twelve long years. No mere charmer could do that, after the novelty had worn off.

But there! Any woman who can keep her COOK can hold onto her husband—or to anybody else's husband!

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MR. JULIAN HEATH, President of the Housewives' League, gave me a few suggestions as to how the house-keeper may save money on food products during the hot days. Mrs. Heath said:

"The wise housekeeper is she who watches the markets closely during the summer season. The markets fluctuate so continually that it is surprising how much can be saved by taking advantage of these fluctuations."

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"A serviceable scheme is to buy the things that are low in price and use them at that particular time; thus benefiting by low-priced goods."

"